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One time I had a guy over to my studio. It seemed like he only had one foot in the door by the time he declared that I had a “thrift store sensibility toward abstraction.” I don’t know that I liked that statement head to toe but I do have a feeling that it must be at least partially correct. The paintings are small and maybe they are funny. Ideally they walk the line between what’s real and what isn’t, but I try not to set foot in the camp of dedicated non-objectivism. Sometimes I don’t really know where I stand.

I am not so concerned with painting as I am aware that the things I am producing are objects. The game is less about producing a window into another world and more about the thing as a whole. The sides are important to me and so are their depth. They tend to be rectangular and wall-bound, which is mostly due to the favor that I hold for the art-historical reference that such a form implies—there’s a lineage there. So I suppose they are paintings. But I always resist giving myself the title of painter with a capital P. When someone asks about my medium, I generally reply that I “make paintings,” which is usually followed by “so, you’re a painter,” to which I say something dismissive like “I guess so.” They usually say that such a thing is a distinction with no difference and perhaps they are right, but at least for the time being it feels like something worth mentioning.